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MARCH 1931



LATIN SCHOOL

REGISTER

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# The Register

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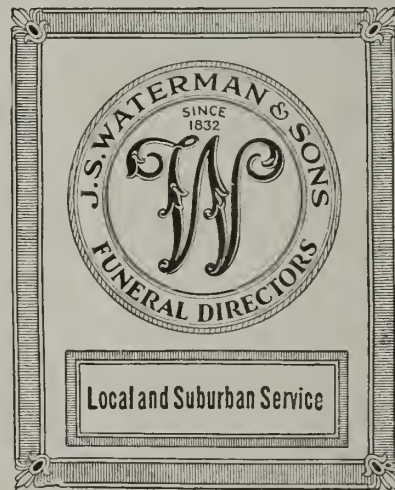
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# THE LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER

## TWO GENTLEMEN OF PECOS

*John E. cDonald, '31*

Bones: Bones of dead horses, bones of dead men—a waste of bones—a sepulchre proud of its bones, exultantly exhibiting its crumbling bones, bleaching them white in the sterility of the powdery expanse. A land of desolation and defeat—coffin of men's hopes, men whose history is indelibly and irrepressibly embossed in the script of those bones.

As I followed the dim trail into Pecos, the lone semi-verdant spot in this land of crumbling bones, I wondered what manner of man it was that these arid stretches could produce or foster. Debating in my mind the relative qualities and advantages of East and West, I entered the town.

Pecos, may it be known, is a flea-infested, battle-scarred, false-fronted sun spot just north of the rambling Rio. Ten seconds is ample time for one to ride from suburbs and outskirts to the heart of the city and part way back. During all my checkered, —yea plaided, mottled and dappled career, I had never cast optics on a hamlet so completely debilitated.

As I passed down the main thoroughfare, I encountered a tiny aggregation of children happily engaged in quaint diurnal frolic. These cute little cherubims were artfully shying horseshoes and empty bottles at one another with many a shout and merry ripple of laughter. Indeed refreshing and soothing it was to my fevered spirit that I should be welcomed by such demonstration of amicable cordiality and

warmth of affection. My heart was light and happy as I sauntered up the broad steps of the town's foremost sanctuary of the sacred bottle.

Opening the swinging portals with a studied swing of nonchalance, I surveyed my immediate surroundings. Over the great drink stained bar hung a crudely lettered notification which proclaimed to those fortunates whose state of mental delinquency was such as to enable them still to perambulate the typography of the peculiar scrawl, that drinks were two-bits, payable in advance to the venerable custodian of the bottle.

While engaged in putting several layers of dermis and epi—between my little thimble-full of liquor and the outer world I heard the gossip. The barman was just explaining that not always had the bar been so bare and unbeautiful. Ah no—his eyes assumed a wistful gaze, a rail of dazzling splendor had once adorned the ledge; but the management had deemed it prudent to remove this embellishment after several of the more youthful patrons playfully shot great chunks from the rail in an innocent spirit of mirth and *child-like* frivolity.

Gradually as the afternoon wore on, the town awoke from its lethargy and dutifully assembled in the saloons. The two sleepy looking personages who were first to arrive, languidly draped themselves across the bar and in an attitude of listless-

ness ordered "tequilla". Like a spring my mental apparatus snapped into immediate attention. Now physiologically and phrenologically I'm a sort of monstrosity; and some hombres deem it inconsistent with the principles of human anatomy that a head like mine should contain matter capable of thought. But gentlemen—"tequilla"!

Tequilla, ye who ponder this print, is a drink from over the Rio Grande. It is a synonym for several English words, the least highly conotative of which is nitroglycerine. It is an antonym for words such as sweet, dulcet, etc. The manufacture of this concoction is an interesting process. To a solution of dilute sulphuric acid is added the fermented juice of two medium size, grade A, sticks of dynamite, and a liberal dash of rubber-milk. The latter ingredient is the only resilient element in the drink; it's a sort of shock absorbing device.

Eagerly I awaited the reaction, my orbs fastened on the visage of the taller man. Incredible! No explosion! No violent contortions nor convolutions of the physiognomy! Just the slightest, scarcely perceptible grimace as the stream of fire scourged its searing path down the capacious gorge of the lean one. The lank individual began to look rosy; he began to beam; he looked happy; then hilariously joyful, and so on, gradually ascendant to the seventh stage of pleasure. Fondly he expressed his love for his companion with sweet embellishments of perfervid and picaresque language. He seriously questioned the authenticity of the runt's vintage, even back to years before Solomon; and to this torrent of abuse the runt merely smiled a demure smile and murmured sweetly, "Ah new yo' loved me Ducky-Wucky".

Expediently I changed my weight by bringing my center of mass close to the floor, an elegant position, by the by, in which to avoid death by lead splinters. Something must break; the feeling of tension seemed too high: "Ducky wucky".

Lord!

The whistle of lead was inexplicably lacking in the subsequent silence. Incredible, stupified, I rose from the floor and glanced across the room. The diminutive fellow was conscientiously attempting to grasp someone of the lanky fellow and was having a hard time reaching anyone of him. Eventually the two made contact. And then these two gentlemen of Pecos perpetrated deeds that made me hasten for the East.

I survived it all right when they took pot shots at each other's ears; my heart still functioned when one grasped the leg of the other and bent it into a thirty-sixty-ninety triangle, jesting of course. But—after the following episode took place—I left.

"Shorty", said the attenuated one, "shut yo eyes and jump backwards." The runt executed a prodigious and violent shifting of position in a hintermost direction, his progress being suddenly checked by a half opened door. As Shorty explored the terrain of his abused cranium, his friend explained how sorry he was—oh yes! And as an indication he slammed the door briskly to.

"Now touch yo' left ear with yo' right fo' finger", Slim sternly commanded.

"Where at is it?" queried Shorty.

"On the side o' yo' head", sagely offered Slim.

"Ah mean m' fo' finger," explained he.

"Oh pahdon me," hiccoughed the lean one. He reopened the door and Shorty took his battered finger out of the crack of it.

After the performance of this marvelous digito-nasal feat, I started for the door. Leaving the lank one in the dangerous processes of meditation, I made a leap for the open and here I am. Two gentlemen lost to the West a prospect—and won for the East a packer of beeves.

I never could drink tequilla!

## THE END OF THE RAINBOW

*Joseph M. Foley, '33*

One day, while standing on the seashore, as I looked out over the broad expanse of ocean before me, a question suddenly entered my mind. I turned to an old sailor who was standing nearby, and asked him, "Why do people go to sea?"

A smile crept slowly over his hardened face, and after meditating a moment, he simply answered, "Curiosity, I guess."

"Curiosity?" I queried.

"Yes, they're just curious to see what's at the end of the rainbow."

It seemed to me to be a strange answer at first, but as I look back into history, I can see that it has never been anything but that. People, since the beginning of the world, have longed to know what lies beyond their reach. It was in quest of this something that men first built ships and sailed away from their native land. It was in order to see what was beyond his horizon that Columbus made his perilous journey; in fact, it is by men with that very same longing that our continent was populated. The lure of the sea and what lies on its opposite shores is irresistible. Men of all creeds, nationalities, and social positions hear the call, and all respond.

Once more, I looked out over the blue waves, and I thought of all who had gone out to find the end of the rainbow. I thought of all the hopes that had been wrecked, of all the corpses that now lie at the bottom, of all those who are still waiting, and have waited for their loved ones who had gone out, never to return.

"But," I said to myself, "where is the end of the rainbow, and what does one find there?"

I turned to the old man again, and asked him. He replied with a question, "Son, why do you think God made the world

round?"

It was a perplexing question, and I had to admit I could find no answer. I asked the mariner to explain.

Said he, "It's easy enough for me to see; I know many people who don't agree with me. Perhaps there are other reasons, more important reasons, but I'll tell you the sailors' reason. I sailed out of this port forty-five years ago. I was only a lad then, but there was something beyond the horizon that seemed to say, 'Come on, come on.' And I went. From that time on till six months ago, I sailed, but now I'll sail no more, for I've found the end of the rainbow."

"But," I protested, "you're right back where you started."

"I know it. Didn't I just ask you why God made the world round?"

Then the realization dawned upon me that the end of the rainbow was home. Men travel and search for that which they have before they start, but they do not fully appreciate it until they go away from home.

The man who sets out in search of the end of the rainbow, and who ends his days on the sea, has not found what he was looking for. But the man who sails the seven seas, who goes to all the corners of the world, and who at last comes home, is the one who has really found the end of the rainbow.

Or to express it simply, in the words of the immortal old song "Home, Sweet Home":

"A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there

Which, seek thro' the world is ne'er met with elsewhere."



## ENCOUNTER

*Wendell I. Gray, '32*

Some of my readers will laugh; others will simply snicker; but some, I am sure, will receive this confession as I desire it to be received,—seriously. It is for the sympathy of these few that I have been persuaded to unburden myself of this tale,—incident, equivocation, call it what you will, and set it forth for the approbation of all.

This adventure of which I speak I met with a number of years ago, more than I dare admit, but the memory of it never grows dim in my mind. I happened to be touring, at the time, the country districts of Italy not far from Rome. It was after a pleasant day's ramble in the fields. I was about to turn my leisurely footsteps to what I was temporarily calling home—the hut of a hospitable peasant with whom I happened to be staying. There was no particular hurry, the sun being still in plain sight without a hint of approaching dusk, and I paused frequently along my route to inspect anything that happened to catch my fancy. Presently, as I rounded a curve in the road along which I was passing, I noticed to my right a hillock with a cluster of large rocks at its foot. Having no particular purposes in mind, I turned from my course to investigate. Upon drawing nearer, I perceived that there was a large cleft among the rocks, resembling the entrance to a cave.

The sight of this recalled to my mind a strange legend that my host, the peasant, had related to me only the evening before. It was one of the old days of Rome, the fateful story of a Christian maiden and her pagan Roman lover. The place where the tragedy was enacted, my host had assured me with the earnestness of a man who believes what he says, was not far from his hut. He had enjoined me never, if I was to come across it in the course of my ram-

bles, to enter it, for, he said, the place was haunted. The unhappy lovers were still wandering about in the dark and intricate passages and would try to warn any person rash enough to enter, but the soldiers who had ruthlessly searched them out were also there.

The sincere and heartfelt words of my peasant host came back to me as I stood contemplating the strange aperture among the rocks. This must certainly be the cave of which he spoke, I said to myself. If any of my readers have ever travelled, they will be quick to realize that it was impossible that I should pass this by without entering. The lure of the unknown is especially irresistible to the traveler. On the spur of the moment I determined to explore the cave. I looked about me quickly in the hope of finding something that might aid me in this. My eye alighted upon some resinous branches half-concealed under a bush. Selecting one that I thought would be suitable, I made haste to light one end, with the intention of using it as a torch. Believing that this little expedition of exploration would not occupy more than a half hour, I did not deem it necessary to make further preparations or take further precautions, but entered immediately.

Upon entering I found myself in a circular chamber with a rather low roof. Scattered about the floor were numerous signs of previous visits, rubbish, bones, and ashes. Venturesome bandits, I conjectured, had had the hardihood to enter, using the place as a refuge. Finding nothing else of interest here I proceeded further. Leading off from the round ante-chamber was a narrow and crooked passage-way through which I now advanced, slowly and with great caution. I went thus for a hundred feet. Then I suddenly stumbled. Lowering my torch I perceived, as far as its dim

and flickering light could reach, stairs, winding, uneven, formed not of stone slabs, as one would expect, but of the dirt beaten down hard,—extremely uninviting to say the least. Up to now I had felt no misgivings whatever, but when I was confronted with the thought of descending these crude steps into the Lord knew what, I confess that I grew slightly faint at heart. Mark you, I say “slightly”; I still refused to believe the peasant’s story. Having proceeded thus far I could not turn back for shame. So I began the slow descent. Step by step, gropingly, my torch,—not very well selected, as I afterwards found out,—held low to afford the steps all possible illumination, I crept. Once I slipped; twice I slipped—but still I crept on. I put my hand to the wall for support but immediately I drew it back with revulsion. It was damp and moldy with age. Down, down, into the very bowels of the earth, step by step, step by step, I felt my way. I was fascinated by a strange sort of horror, much as a bird is by a snake. I could not bring myself to look back at the darkness that was closing in behind me; neither did I dare to look forward beyond the scope of my torch. The faltering light which emanated from it was the center of my consciousness, my world, and I guarded it with great care.

But in spite of that, I noticed, with growing alarm, that my precious torch was beginning to burn low. This discovery gripped my heart with an icy hand. Looking back upon that awful moment on the stairs, I can say without hesitation that it was the worst I ever spent in my life. What was I to do? I was loath to turn back, having gone thus far. In fact, I couldn’t have, for I had gone *too* far. My torch wouldn’t hold out long enough to allow me to return. I couldn’t stay here, so there was only one thing left to do—go on. I hoped against hope that the descent would soon

come to an end and that I would find a way out.

So I continued. But it was only an unexplainable impulse, of which I was apparently unconscious at the time, that kept me going. Down, down, down. The air was becoming more and more oppressive. It now had a strong musty odor which denoted plainly the great depth to which I must have gone. Presently my foot, feeling forward cautiously, struck no lower level and I knew that at last the terrible descent had come to an end. I breathed a sigh of relief and paused a moment to take in my situation and consider how far I had already gone.

Holding the torch above my head, I turned around to examine the place. The light disclosed a dark rough wall to my right and another in my rear, extending to the left. On the other two sides my torch revealed nothing but empty space. It was evident that I was in a chamber of some size. In an instant I determined upon a plan of reconnaissance. I would start along the right wall and gradually grope my way around the room, coming back eventually to my starting point. “Grope” was the word, for the light from the torch was growing dimmer each minute and afforded only a very weak illumination, which served really to heighten my uneasiness, inasmuch as its fitful flickerings cast weird and dancing shadows all about me. Having once determined roughly the size of the room, I could then explore its interior.

Not very enthusiastic about it, I set about accomplishing the unpleasant task I had set for myself. Slowly and painfully, almost on my hands and knees, I crawled forward. The ground and wall were damp and cold, but I soon resigned myself to that as being inevitable. The entire floor seemed to be covered with a fine silt. I had expected to find many miscellaneous objects left by the original inhabitants, but was disappointed.

## THE SCHOOL SYSTEMS OF ENGLAND AND AMERICA

There recently has been formed a committee, composed of the preeminent educators of England and America, the primary purpose of which is to make an intensive study and comparison of the English and American secondary school systems. The co-chairmen of the "Joint Committee for Study of English and American Secondary Schools", as it is called, are Dr. Cheesman A. Herrick, President, Girard College, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Dr. Cyril Norwood, Harrow School, Harrow-on-the-Hill, England.

It has been the policy of the "Committee" to designate outstanding secondary schools throughout this country, to be compared and contrasted with specific schools in either England or Scotland. The Boston Public Latin School has been selected as a type of American school, and exchange of correspondence has already been begun with the Manchester Grammar School, Manchester, England, an institution which antedates the Latin School by approximately one hundred years, having been founded in 1515.

As the study progresses, the *Register* will record various comparative aspects of the two institutions.

Comparisons, it has been said, are odious. We know in this instance that from all possible standpoints the proverb will be disproved.

MAJOR GENERAL CLARENCE R. EDWARDS

*Grover Cronin, Jr., '31*

"Daddy" Edwards has passed away. The leader of the famous Twenty-sixth,

benevolent rather and

The whole world unites with New England in lamenting the passing of this wonderful commander. Last month the "Register" in making editorial comment of the sorrowful demise of Marshal Joffre said, "One by one the generals of the Great War are passing away." This month sees one more of those immortal warriors join his comrades in everlasting peace.

#### YOUR "REGISTER"

The *Register* is a product of Latin School. It bears that school's name, and describes that school's activities. In the matter of circulation it is supported in large part by the student body. But, unfortunately, there is a wide disparity between the interest in production and in appreciation.

The *Register* was started by the student body. There was no law requiring the formation of a school magazine. It just happens that the interest in such work prompted some ambitious students, about fifty years ago, to institute the magazine. They could not have done it if it had not been for the whole-hearted support of the rest of the school. The work of putting out the magazine has been handed down each year to succeeding classes, and so it has come to us.

If one were to try to start the *Register* now, considering the present attitude of the school, he would have a difficult task. He would find a small group of ten or fifteen busying itself with the producing, while the rest sat back and merely received what that group of fifteen had to say. Is that a sufficient basis for calling this periodical a school magazine?



powerful drama, an open gate-way to a great field of knowledge.

—S. R.

### TIN PAN ALLEY

*By Dr. Isaac Goldberg*

In "Tin Pan Alley" Dr. Goldberg offers the world a simple yet cogent evolution of American popular music. This chronicle treats of our indigenous music from the time of the American revolution, when poems of extreme chauvinism were being set to British music, to the present era of theme songs. It is a coherent and systematic account, containing not one ambiguous element. It contains the story of the forerunners of modern jazz, and what is more important, the reason why America has accepted this shallow type of music.

The outstanding chapter of the book is the one which treats of the effect the negro had on the development of popular music. What makes it so is the subtle undercurrent of sociology and psychology for which Dr. Goldberg is noted.

This book is preparatory to a larger volume, on the same subject, which will unquestionably be accepted as authoritative.

The excellent quality of "Tin Pan Alley" is augmented by an introduction by George Gershwin, the famous "blues" composer, and also one of the central figures of the "Alley".

—E. H. M.

### THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCESS

*By Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia*

Russia is just beginning to emerge from the tangle which has restricted her for centuries. It is, therefore, extremely appropriate to hear something from one who took part in the old and the new regimes.

The early education of Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia was all that a tottering monarchy could offer her. She felt the prevalent unrest definitely through her treatment by her family. Practically tossed about by royalty as she was, she still found great affection for her father.

In these memoirs, she carries us through the pre-war period, with its rumblings, the outbreak itself, and the subsequent upset in the government, which altered everything.

Royalty generally suffered during this period. Marie, not at all accustomed to such a life, had a hard time. With her relatives and friends being banished or killed, she had to summon all her resources to breast the turbulent tide. Later as a war nurse at the front, she became hardened, and prepared for the clash of the final revolution.

There is much to learn from her. She has been near the center of a whirlpool of tumultuous events, and has felt their shock. The story of her reactions is an essential chapter in the history of the modern world.

—W. K.



## LOST REVENGE

*Joseph M. Foley, '33*

A body black as ebony gleamed in the noonday sun and struck the blue water of Nensa Bay with a slight splash. Krina was diving for pearls, perhaps for the last time, for if he should obtain enough of the precious stones, this time, he could go to America. America—that was Krina's dream; But Krina's dream was not the dream of the immigrant, nor the dream of one seeking refuge from oppression; rather was it the dream of an avenger.

As Krina dived, there came back to him in memory the last four years of his life. He remembered when the small island upon which he lived was but a negro kingdom, of which his father had been king. As he thought of his father, a lump rose in Krina's throat; he remembered Nantra, the kind, gentle man whom he had loved so much. He remembered the day the white men had first set foot on his beloved Nensa, and he remembered, above all, the day he had found his father, cold in death, with a white man's bullet in his heart. Krina was but a boy then, but he had vowed to his gods that he would avenge the death of his father, and Krina had never broken an oath.

The white men had come to live near his home, but he had fled from them as if they were vermin. Krina hated the white men, the treacherous, haughty beasts who had killed his father. The other negro boys of the island had entered the employ of the white men, to dive for pearls. But they were slaves, and Krina would be no slave. He was the son of Nantra, the island chief. Krina dived for pearls every day, he skimped and saved in order that he might have enough money to go to America and hunt down the one who had murdered his father. He would track the assassin down, wait until some night when he would be in his bed, then a stroke of

the knife, and all would be done.

Suddenly, Krina realized that he had reached the bottom. Groping around, he picked up a few oysters and rose quickly to the surface. But when he climbed into his little boat and opened them, he found them worthless. He dived again with more determination and picked up a large number of the molluscs.

He was about to rise to the surface once more when he saw that the water above him was being thrashed about in a most peculiar manner. Instinctively, he clung to a plant to hold him down, and as he looked above him to see what was the cause of the disturbance, he perceived that dread enemy of all sea divers—the shark. Krina pulled out his little knife from its sheaf at his belt and prepared to give fight, for he knew he could never reach the top of the water as long as the shark was there. But Krina remembered above all, his avowed revenge. He had to reach the surface of the water, the murderer of Nantra had to die. So Krina, armed with his short blade, set out to battle the monarch of the underwater. He had been taught what to do in any such emergency.

Employing all his skill, he seized the fin of the monster, and held on grimly. He found it difficult to do, and his lungs were almost bursting from lack of air. But he could not give up, because he had to have his revenge.

Still holding on to the fin of the shark, Krina dealt blow after blow at the fish till the sea about him was dyed red. Suddenly, Krina's grasp slipped, and he shot to the surface. But the shark could not be so easily defeated. He zoomed up after Krina, and the young fellow realized that he must enter the fight again. So he dived down, and regaining his place on the shark's fin, inflicted more wounds upon the fish, so

many, in fact, that it seemed the monster would never die. Krina was about to give up when he remembered vividly the day when he had made the sacrifice to the gods, and upon bended knee, vowed his revenge. And he would have his revenge! Krina would live! Krina must live!

With a fury, the angered negro sunk blow after blow into the hard flesh of the

shark until the great fish began his death struggle. At that instant, when victory was in the offing, Krina relinquished his hold on the shark, but as he passed the tail of the fish, which was thrashing about threateningly, he was struck in the chest. It was a fatal blow, and the son of Nantra lived no longer. Krina's revenge was lost. The shark had won.

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### ALUMNI NOTES

'05—Dexter Perkins, Ph. D., '14, Professor of History and Government at the University of Rochester, has been reelected secretary of the American Historical Association.

'15—A daughter was born, January 15, to Paul B. Elliott and Eleanor (Hale) Elliott of Winchester, Mass.

'21—A son, Lowell Pierson Beveridge, was born, April 7, 1930, to Lowell P. Beveridge, A. M., '28, and Ida (Gattrell) Beveridge. Mr. Beveridge is Assistant Professor of Choral Music at Columbia University and conductor of the Columbia Glee Club, the Barnard Glee Club, and the University Choir at that University. His address is 452 Riverside Drive, New York City.

'26—The following members of the class are first-year students in the Harvard Medical School: Benjamin Alexander of Dorchester; N. H. Bruce of Brighton; D. H. Mullane of Jamaica Plain; L. E. Putnam of South Boston.

'09—Louis H. Bauer, M. D., '12, re-

cently resigned as medical director of the Aeronautics Branch, Department of Commerce, which position he has held for four years. He organized and built up the medical section of the branch to its present size of over 800 physicians. The department has made more than 100,000 physical examinations of civilian pilots and students. In recognition of his work the Department of Commerce designated him, on his resignation, as "Consulting Specialist in Aviation Medicine" to the Aeronautics Branch. Bauer was recently reelected president of the Aero Medical Association of the United States and is the secretary for instruction of the Pan-American Medical Association. He is the author of a textbook on aviation medicine, which has been translated into the Russian language. He is now practising medicine at Hempstead, Long Island, New York.

'98—Philip S. Dalton is a member of the Harvard Overseers' Committee on University Extension and the summer school of arts and sciences.



*The following essays were read by their authors at the Washington-Lincoln Exercises in the Assembly Hall on February 20, 1931.*

### THE REAL WASHINGTON

*Nathan Learner, '31*

It has been frequently said with the carelessness that characterizes all sayings which, on the face of them, are infallibly correct and obvious, that time is the best judge of greatness. Like all proverbs, which attempt to state a world of truth in a thimbleful of words, this is not perfectly true. To be sure, the passage of time allows of a certain perspective and provides examples which, by comparison or contrast, may bear out or belie a man's greatness. But remoteness in history also lends to the man a mystical glamour, a nebulous aura that make it practically impossible to discern the motives underlying his actions and to understand and appreciate the qualities that gave him his original claim to fame. Perhaps nowhere is this better illustrated than in the case of the founder of the American Republic.

George Washington is at present in the peculiar position of a man who, though very poorly understood, has, nevertheless, been justly adored, revered, and even worshipped by a nation that owes to him its very existence. It was, indeed, truly said of him by a brilliant historian and equally brilliant and keen observer of human nature, "General Washington is known to us, and President Washington. But George Washington is an unknown man." Every schoolboy knows him as the youthful surveyor; as the young man who, at an age when most young men begin to lay their plans for a hurried and difficult exit from the university, assumed the responsibilities of a colonelcy during the French and Indian War; as the soldier to whose military genius is due the successful completion of a glorious struggle for independence; as the leader who kept a newly formed and

struggling republic from being swept away into anarchy and chaos during the excitement of the French Revolution; as the statesman who established that republic upon the firm and solid foundation upon which it now rests and for which no better substitute will ever be found. But Washington, the Man, is truly "unknown". The story of the cherry-tree was created to emphasize, simply and briefly, a character so far above the common level of mediocrity as to be difficult for the ordinary man to understand. He was a pure and high-minded gentleman, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. He had an indomitable courage, a gigantic intellect, and an impeccable integrity. There was in him an unflinching comprehension of facts, an unswerving devotion to a lofty ideal, and a prophetic vision that beheld the future of this nation, while that future was still dim to the eyes of his contemporaries. He prophesied the downfall of the Federalist Party and foretold the possibility of a civil war over the question of slavery. While in conversation with a friend, he once said, "Not only do I pray for it (i. e., the emancipation of the slaves), on the score of human dignity, but I can already foresee that nothing but the rooting out of slavery can perpetuate the existence of our Union, by consolidating it in a common bond of principle."

When we consider his achievements, we are inclined to wonder that he could ever have been capable of them; we are led to ask wherein lay that power which made those accomplishments possible. It could not have been in his intellect. For all his sage, seasoned, and profound wisdom, he was, without doubt, below both Franklin



and Hamilton on the intellectual scale. It could not have been merely in his character. Morality, even if of the highest order, did not inspire his rough and hardy soldiers with that devotion which was far more powerful and lasting than anything resulting from military discipline. It must, therefore, have been in that elusive, intangible something termed personality. He was gifted with the ability to inspire trust and confidence in those with whom he came in contact. Civilians, soldiers, statesmen—all were attracted to him. Napoleon may have been a greater soldier than he; but he was, undoubtedly, the greater leader. Leadership is the ability to make people desire what they ought to have. And whereas Napoleon coerced those below him to desire what *he* coveted, Washington, through mere suggestion, induced a people rent asunder by faction to desire what was best for *them*.

There are those who, in their over-emphasis upon his character, have come to believe that he was both a mediocre soldier and a mediocre statesman. It is true, of course, that his magnetic personality was

necessary to his successes. It is true that the Revolution was won, not at Yorktown, but at Valley Forge. But that mere character defeated the British and framed the "Farewell Address", is inconceivable.

There are, also, those who, in their effort to attain momentary prominence, have minutely described all the petty foibles to which, like all human beings, he was heir; have accused him, among many other things, of being distant, aloof, and unsympathetic. Nothing could be farther from the truth. When, at the termination of the inauguration of our second President, John Adams, Washington, who had been present, silently departed, the entire audience turned out in a body and followed him, cheering enthusiastically, to his very door. A man who could thus arouse the popular enthusiasm must have been somehow impressive, somehow appealing, somehow far from distant. His disparagers may wax eloquent in belittling him; but the people, ever ready to appreciate the genuine hero, will love and reverence him as they loved and revered him a century and a half ago.



## LINCOLN THE MARTYR

*Grover Cronin, Jr., '31*

Forward the young United States was advancing, progressing with rapid strides to an eminent position among the great nations of the world. And then there appeared on the horizon the grim monster of war—civil war—which threatened to disrupt the Union and dispel forever the roseate dreams of the future glory of the new country. Trouble was no novel experience. Our hardy forbears had struggled with, and finally vanquished, difficulties of a most trying, most discouraging nature. In the past, both internal and external opposition to the progress of the infant nation had been met and conquered. But this bitter contest between the North and the South was the darkest, gloomiest cloud that had ever enshrouded this land hallowed by the blood of countless heroes. This was the crisis. Victory by the South meant the end of the Union, the crumbling of this glorious government, the sad failure of the noblest political experiment of the ages.

But in this blackest hour there appeared a savior. From the backwoods he came, a tall, lanky, awkward individual, his features rough as the uncultivated soil that had fostered him, but his heart as soft as a gentle summer breeze caressing the murmuring branches of a tree. No school had molded his mind; no artificial social graces adorned his personality; but because of his intellect, his reason, his simple, indisputable logic, his strength of character, his resolute conscience, he advanced to the fore to guide the troubled nation. Not as a conquering hero did he come, to lead his followers to victory on the field of battle, but quietly he slipped into the Executive Chair, his sympathetic heart bleeding for the Union he so dearly loved, his noble soul burning with the ardent desire to preserve inviolate the land of liberty. On his stalwart

shoulders he bore the oppressive burdens of the sorely beset government. The furrows in his cheeks deepened. His strong, broad back bowed and bent beneath the heavy weight. His head drooped. But still he struggled on, bearing his excessive load with never a word of complaint, thinking, not of himself, but of his country. His eyes, saddened by care, never ceased to blaze, fired by the brilliant vision of the days that stretched beyond those arduous years of toil.

At last came the light. The cloud rolled away, and the sun of heaven shone once more on the United States of America, wounded but triumphant! The defenders of the Union had not given their precious lives in vain, for the nation, torn and rent by civil strife, had been welded together by the rough, gnarled hands of Abraham Lincoln. The gawky backwoodsman with his simple manners, simple habits, simple speech, but magnificent, incomparable soul, had grasped the wheel of the Ship of State and had successfully piloted the vessel through the roughest, stormiest sea that it had ever encountered. The thunder of Mars roared, the sharp rocks of destruction grated against the sides of the Ship, but fearless and unflinching, steering with a firm and steady hand, and earnestly praying to the Almighty for assistance, the staunch Pilot guided the destiny of his storm-tossed craft through the perilous waters, through the devastating lightnings of the tempest, past the yawning abyss of disruption!

The powers of blackness engulfed the vessel. The loathsome hags of Despair obstructed the way. But hoping, always hoping, Lincoln held fast to the wheel. At length came the welcome light of morn, chasing away the shrieking blasts and the demons of the night. The golden dawn rose on a brighter day.

However, Lincoln's task was done and an

all-wise Creator liberated the rugged Steersman from his wearisome burdens and granted the fatigued President well-deserved rest. God allowed this noble hero to see the dawn break in the heavens, permitted him to enjoy the cool freshness of the morn, gave him time to bathe his tormented head in the refreshing dew, and then, before the garish midday brought its customary hustle and bustle, its turmoil and din, before the beatic vision of victory, with its lustrous, fragile beauty, was soiled by the restless spirit of the world, Lincoln was snatched from this mortal coil of trials and tribulations to bask in the cheery warmth and sweet repose of heaven, there to enjoy the only suitable rest after his burdens and

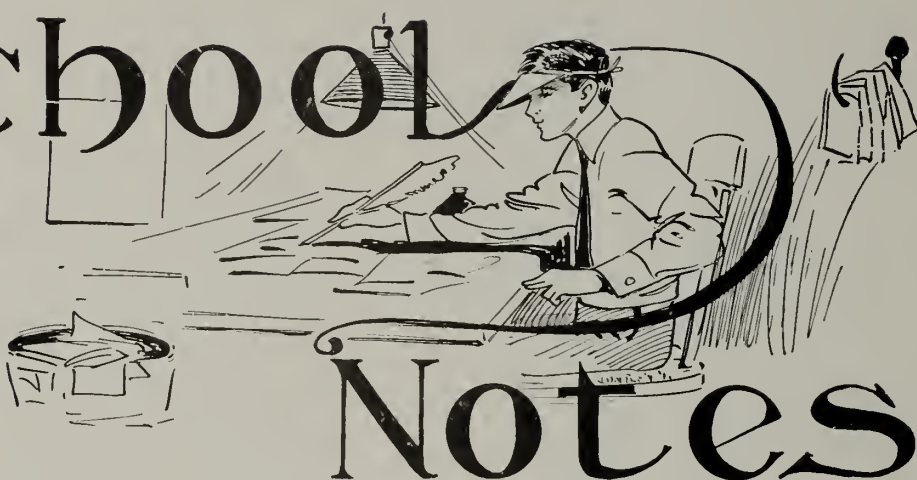
cares.

The whole world wept at his passing. The strong and the weak, the young and the old, the great and the humble shed their sincere tears for Lincoln. But why should the world have wept? Surely, after the labors he had accomplished, the griefs he had met, the hardships he had undergone, he deserved more than mere man could give. Death was the supreme reward. The bliss of Paradise was his to enjoy for all eternity. His was the noblest life, the most beautiful death.

Words are nothing. Let us bow our heads before the blinding glory of the man of the ages—Abraham Lincoln.



# School Notes



## SENIOR DEBATING CLUB

Tentative plans for a meeting with Norwood Senior High School next month include trials to select the team to represent Latin School, which will be held in Room 117 on Thursday, February 19, at 2:30 P. M. The subject for the trials, which will probably be the topic for discussion at Norwood, will be: "Resolved, that the influence of modern advertising on modern life is to be deplored." According to present plans, this will be the last outside debate of the season.

The annual Prize Debate is expected to take place in the Assembly Hall, in April. All who are interested in public speaking should take part in the trials for this, the closing debate of the season. Six speakers are given the opportunity of competing for the two Bryant-Gardner medals. Further details concerning the Prize Debate will be posted on the bulletin board.

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## LITERARY CLUB

At the meeting of the Literary Club on Monday, February 10, the members discussed "why the Nobel Prize was awarded to Sinclair Lewis". The policy of the club has changed somewhat this year. There are no speakers, and literary questions of interest are discussed in an open forum, each

member having an opportunity to give his opinion on the matter under discussion. Under the direction of Mr. Marson this informal type of discussion seems to have just as happy an effect as did the former procedure.

\* \* \* \*

## LIBRARY SERVICE CLUB

For the first time the Library Service Club is carrying on without officers. Heretofore there has always been a nominal head, though of course Mr. Dunn, our librarian, was the man who pulled the strings. The members have, as usual, given up their study periods in order that they may serve the school and help make the running of our library an easier task.

\* \* \* \*

## THE ORCHESTRA

The schedule of the Boston Latin School orchestra was interrupted by the absence of the director, Mr. Vaninni, on Tuesday, February 10. The members of the group regret the indisposition of their leader. There is still a call for boys who can play the basson, cello, contrabass or tympani.

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## DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

On the twentieth, the faithful group of drummers and buglers took part in the



holiday services.

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### DRAMATIC CLUB

As announced in the last issue of the "Register", there will be a performance, on April 17, 1931, of "It Won't Be Long Now", by Milton Herbert Gropper, in which Grant Mitchell achieved so great a success on Broadway.

The play, a farce in three acts, will be given by the Latin School Dramatic Club under the direction of Mr. Russo, who has put on so many successes in the past. The cast as selected by Mr. Russo is, at the time of going to press, as follows: Callahan, 301; Cochrane, C7; Epstein, 103; Joseph, 304; Linnenthal, 118; Lipow, 208; McGreenery, 200; Nexon, 209; Odiorne, 211; Pearson, 209; Strachan, 300; Wulkas, C17; and O'Gorman, 211.

There is as yet one vacancy to be filled in the cast.

\* \* \* \*

### THE NORWOOD JUNIOR DEBATE

After having been postponed for a week, the debate between the Junior Debating Team of Boston Latin School and the Sophomore Debating Team of Norwood High School took place in the Norwood Senior High School on Thursday, January 29, 1931. A large audience was on hand, and the subject, "Resolved: That a system of compulsory athletics is preferable in a high school to a system of compulsory military drill", was intelligently discussed, with our team upholding the negative. It was agreed beforehand by the coaches of both teams that no decision would be given, and this system was highly acceptable, for it left no hard feelings on either side. The Boston Latin team consisted of Sidney Kilrick, '34; William J. Jacobson, '33; Joseph M. Foley, '33, and John B. Learson, '34, alternate. Norwood was represented

by Vincent Johnson, Dorothy Day, Ralph Taylor, and John Prendergast, alternate.

The members of the team wish to thank Mr. Marnell, their coach, for the generous way in which he gave of his time and energy to assist them.

\* \* \* \*

### DO YOU KNOW THAT?

To observers on parts of the Isthmus of Panama the sun rises in the Pacific and sets in the Atlantic. Joseph G. Cannon served forty-six years in succession in the House of Representatives. Tornadoes sometimes attain a velocity of 300 miles per hour. A tornado-like water-spout at Calcutta, India, once drove a bamboo can completely through a six-foot wall faced on both sides with brick. An Army officer once fired several six-inch wax candles through four pine boards placed one foot apart; each board was cleanly perforated at a range of 25 yards. The earth is nearest to the sun in winter and farthest from it in summer. In 1866, February had no full moon while January and March had two full moons each. This phenomena will not occur again for some 2,500,000 years. Pepi II ascended the throne of Egypt about 2566 B. C., when he was only six years of age and reigned 91 years. The human body contains 65% oxygen, 18% carbon, 10% hydrogen, 3% nitrogen, and small quantities of calcium, phosphorus, potassium, sulphur, sodium, chlorine, iron, iodine and arsenic. The smallest fish in the world, the Pandaka pygmaea, reaches an average length of three-eighths of an inch and a minimum of seven-sixteenths. Another fish, the average length of which is about one-twelfth of an inch greater than that of the Pandaka, is so numerous in Lake Buhi, Luzon, that the natives catch it for food. In New South Wales, a gold nugget weighing 3,000 ounces was extracted, an amount which today would be worth

\$60,000. Of 30,000 Eskimos in North America and Greenland not half of these have seen a snow house and only a fraction of the remainder have lived in one. John Scott Harrison was both the son and the father of a President of the United States. The largest trees in the world of which there is authentic record are the eucalyptus trees in Australia. They sometimes reach heights of more than 400 feet and the diameters range from 18 to 35 feet. The Declaration of Independence was not signed on July 4, 1776. Bulls are color-blind and therefore cannot distinguish red from pink, green, purple or white. Robert Fulton was not the first man to build a boat propelled by steam power. Before the war a dollar was worth 4.2 German marks. In November 1923, a dollar could be exchanged for 4 trillion paper marks. A grain of gold can be beaten into a leaf having an area of 75 square inches. It has a thickness of  $\frac{1}{368,000}$  of an inch. Wild crows have the ability to count to four. In Great Britain, there is a cemetery in which all the bodies are laid with feet pointing to the east. Snakes have voices. A village in Maryland is named T. B. A snake in South Africa can blind and kill its enemies by spitting a poisonous venom at its adversary's eyes. Horses can sleep while standing. An Indian elephant was known to stand for days and remain standing even after death. Maine adjoins only one other state in the United States while both Tennessee and Missouri are touched by eight other states. Bats are animals, not birds. Trees never die of old age. Most Greek

and Roman map-makers placed east at the top. Lightning has been known to strike many times in the same place. When a pint of ice-cream was offered by a dairy company to people who should present a four-leaf clover, 50,000 four-leaf clovers were shown at the office in one day. The shortest war in the world lasted 30 minutes. The Sultan of Zanzibar declared war against the British Empire, but changed his mind.

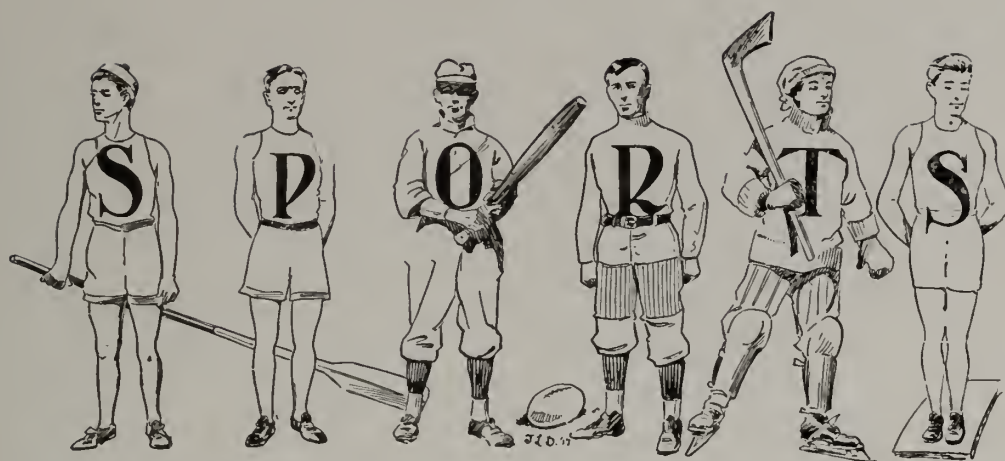
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#### EXPLANATIONS TO LAST MONTH'S "DO YOU KNOW'S"

Ulloa, one of the world's great scholars, has made investigations of documents concerning Columbus' voyages and career. He has found convincing proof that the great navigator made his voyage of discovery in 1477. Concerning the concessions which Ferdinand and Isabella offered to Columbus before he set out in 1492, the authentic text declares that the sovereigns grant to him:

...in recompense for what *he has* discovered in the seas of the ocean and of the voyage that he is now to make upon them.—The Streets in Lyons, France, which are paved with glass are claimed to be more satisfactory than ordinary streets because the glass holds the heat less.—The misconception concerning the birth of Christ was caused by a chronologist at sometime in the sixth century. It is, of course, too late now to correct errors in the calendar at that time.





### THE COMMERCE CONQUEST

Again we are the undisputed champions of Avenue Louis Pasteur, at least, as far as hockey is concerned. For on Saturday morning, January 17, 1931, the Purple team overwhelmed its rival from across the street by the lop-sided score of 4—0. The Blue and Gray outfit never was in the race after the first session and the score would have been higher still, but for the fact that two or three "sure" goals were missed.

In the first period Commerce managed partly to stave off the avalanche. The end of that half found us leading by only one tally. The score came after Denny had carried the rubber disk up the left lane and passed across in front of the cage to "Fred" Moore, who flicked it into the net.

In the second period, Latin swarmed all around the Commerce citadel and three more goals were poked in during the fracas. The play was all within their defensive zone and not once did any "business man" have a chance to shoot at our net. During two torrid scrimmages in front of their cage, Denny pounced upon the puck twice and each time sent it whizzing into the strings. Later Bilodeau retrieved a loose puck and brought it to the very mouth of the goal, but the net guardian's great save prevented a score. However, "Tom" was not to be denied, and still later he again

took possession of another stray puck and this time his shot was effective.

The summary:

<i>Latin</i>	<i>Commerce</i>
Fehheira, G. Moore, T. Glynn, r. w.	
	l. w., Doolin, Bobka
Denny, F. Moore, c.	c., Keddy, Lee
Daley, L. Glynn, l. w.	
	r. w, Maguire, McCarthy
Wilson, Byrne, r. d.	l. d., Nee
Carr (capt.), O'Hare, l. d.	r. d., Bennett
Mahoney, g.	g., Callahan
Score—Latin 4, Commerce 0. Time—	
two 15-minute periods. Referees—Vin	
Murphy and Mooney.	

### NOBLE AND GREENOUGH WINS

On Wednesday afternoon, February 14, 1931, the Noble and Greenough School earned a decisive victory over the Latin School sextet when the former team amassed a total of five goals to our solitary one. The game was played on the Noble's out-door rink in Dedham, and the sheet of ice was practically without a flaw.

The fast-skating forward line of the Noble and Greenough School began its attack immediately after the opening whistle, and in less than three minutes, F. Mosely garnered the first goal on a long shot from just inside our blue line. Before the end of the period the combination of Mosely

and Cutler, center and right wing respectively, had succeeded in running the total up to three.

Halfway through the second session, Denny weaved his way through the Noble team and sunk one home which the goalie didn't have a chance to stop. The pace set by both teams in this period was furious, the play raging from one net to the other, towards the end of the stanza, Pope, right wing, dented the strings with a sizzling drive. In the final period the last score came when Cutler took a beautiful pass from Mosely and drilled the rubber by Galvin immediately after receiving the pass.

The summary:

<i>Latin</i>	<i>Noble and Greenough</i>
G. Moore, Ferreira,	
T. Glynn, Bilodeau, r. w.	
	l. w, Foss, Perry
Denny, F. Moore, c.	
	c., F. Mosely, W. Mosely
Daley, L. Glynn, Wright, l. w.	
	r. w., Cutler, Pope
Wilson, Byrne, r. d.	l. d. Dow
Carr (capt), O'Hare, l. d.	r. d., Burr
Galvin, g.	g., Putnam

Score—Noble and Greenough 5, Latin 1.  
Time—three 12-minute periods. Referee—  
Vin Murphy.

#### ST. MARK'S SUNK!

On Wednesday, January 28, the team made its only "long" outside trip of the season, when it journeyed to Southboro and there defeated the St. Mark's aggregation on their own rink, by the score of 2—1. The victory is appreciated, for it makes up, in a measure, for the loss sustained by us last year.

The entire game was chock-full of excitement, but for intensity of action, the last period alone provided more thrills than the first two put together. In the opening period, Latin put herself in the lead, mainly through the efforts of "Ed" Denny, whose

solo dash, rather late in the period, produced our first marker. In the next session, Denny again played the stellar role, this time, however, "Mike" Ferreira helped him out by feeding him an excellent pass which Denny converted into a goal.

Shortly after the beginning of the last stanza, Sargent of St. Mark's sunk a long shot from nearly center ice. This rather unexpected goal put new life into their play, and the fray became more spirited. In their vain endeavor to secure the tying goal, St. Mark's sent five men down the ice and for the rest of the period, goalie Mahoney had his hands full. But as fast as the shots came, just so fast did he bat them away. At times we had only three men defending our net, and during such moments the puck flew oftener in the direction of our stronghold. But Mahoney's sterling goal-tending, plus the efforts of Capt. "Jim" Carr, "Swede" Wilson, and "Red" O'Hare, was sufficient to avert the tying score.

The summary:

<i>Latin</i>
Ferreira, G. Moore, r. w.
Denny, F. Moore, c.
Daley, L. Glynn, l. w.
Wilson, O'Hare, r. d.
Carr (capt.), l. d.
Mahoney, g.

#### TROUBLESOME TRADE

The battling Trade School hockey team, which has been a thorn in the side of practically every school in this circuit, proved to be no exception when they arrayed themselves against us at the Arena, on Saturday morning, February 7. The stubborn resistance offered us by the fighting Traders turned out to be too difficult for us to overcome, and the result was another one of those unsatisfactory endings—a scoreless deadlock. What made the tie game a little harder to swallow, was the fact that we might have moved undisputed, into first



place had we succeeded in coming through with a victory.

Both teams missed golden opportunities to salt the game away, especially one Trade attack which was frustrated only because the shot hit one of the posts of the cage. On another occasion, "Fred" Moore got the jump on the Trade team and coasted in on the defenseless goalie for an easy killing, only to have his shot stopped by a miraculous save on the latter's part. Another time Ferreira had a clean shot at the cage, but as luck would have it, the pesky rubber disk was rolling, and as every one knows, a rolling puck gathers no goals.

The summary:

<i>Latin</i>	<i>Trade</i>
Ferreira, G. Moore, Bilodeau, r. w.	
l. w., Warnock, De Main	
F. Moore, L. Glynn, c.	c. Hill, Hopkins
Daley, Carr, l. w.	r. w., McGrail, Green
Wilson, O'Hare, r. d.	l. d., Anderson
Carr (capt.), Byrne, l. d.	r. d., Bigelow
Mahoney, g.	g., Paciorkowski

Score—Boston Latin 0, Trade 0. Time—two 15-minute periods. Referees—Vin Murphy, Mooney.

### CLASS II WINS

On Thursday, the 15th day of January, the aspirants for the track team competed in the inter-class meet. The field events had been completed the day before and some good talent had been uncovered. Among the shot-putters, "Hutch" McGrath in the senior, Sieve in the intermediate, and Levin in the junior, all performed well.

In the senior high jump, Martin won by sailing over the bar at 5ft. 6 inches, with Keeler two inches behind. Finer, one of our many ineligible stars won the intermediate high jump with ease, as did "Sid" Resnick in the junior jump. We appeared weak, however, in the broad jump, Olans, an intermediate being our only potential high-point scorer in this event.

In the running events, McAvoy won the "176" and the junior hurdles. Resnick won the junior dash by a good margin, while Levin took second place in all the junior races. Coleman looked impressive in the intermediate hurdles, while Keeler won a close race from "Jack" McDonald in the senior timber-topping event. Donsanto won the intermediate dash from Olans and David, who followed him to the finish in the order named.

Gore captured the senior dash from Weiner in a very close race and then stepped out to win the senior "600" from Laus and Sullivan, in very good time. Roys, a newcomer led the "1000" most of the way but wilted at the end to allow Lawlor to pass him and win. Hoye took a rather slow "300" from Leary, while the intermediate "600" reminded one of C. C. Pyle's "Bunion Derby".

—E. K., '31.

### SUPERATI SUMUS

As the above title indicates, our track team is not invincible. The tracksters of Mechanic Arts High School convinced us of this fact in our annual triangular meet which includes the High School of Commerce as the third "angle". We did, however, retain the "championship of the avenue" by garnering just one point more than Commerce, our neighborly enemy. To be exact: Mechanics—90 points; Latin—71; and Commerce—70.

Disregarding figures, however, the meet proved highly interesting to those of the student body who had school spirit enough to attend.

"Hutch" McGrath proved to be the class of the senior shot-putters. This, in addition to Resnick's easy victory in the junior high-jump, was the only first place we obtained in the field events. A few good prospects were uncovered in the junior division, the most outstanding of these being Levin in the shot-put and McAvoy in

the high-jump. Sieve in the intermediate shot-put also bears watching. Gore ran a great race in the senior six-hundred. "Bucky" was timed in 1:24. Leary showed good form in winning fourth place in the senior 300. Roys and Lawlor took second and third respectively in the 1000-yard grind. Desmond of Commerce, the winner of this race, was in his usual unbeatable form and was never headed. Berje David was "all there" in the 220-yard run. He won with plenty to spare and shapes up as regimental timber. Wolper, a "dark horse", took second in the 50-yard intermediate hurdles. We had two firsts in the junior division in the fleeting forms of Levin and Resnick. The former makes up in speed what he lacks in form, and as to "Rezzy",—well, he just gets there, that's all.

The summary:

#### *Track Events*

##### *Senior*

50-yard hurdles—won by McCarthy, (M); 2nd, Johnson, (M); 3rd, Strondberg, (M); 4th, McDonald, (L).

50-yard dash—tie between C. Ryan, (M) and Fairweather, (C); 3rd, Reardon, (C); 4th, Weiner, (L).

300-yard run—won by Haranson, (M); 2nd, Blitz, (C); 3rd, Cady, (C); 4th, Leary, (L).

600-yard—won by Gore, (L); 2nd, Roberts, (C); 3rd, Ferguson, (C); 4th, Kily, (M).

1000-yard run—won by Desmond, (C); 2nd, Roys, (L); 3rd, Lawler, (L); 4th, Hines, (C).

##### *Intermediates*

50-yard hurdles—won by Watson, (C); 2nd, Wolper, (L); 3rd, Harrison, (M); 4th, Regan, (M).

50-yard dash—won by Varnum, (M); 2nd, Reid, (M); 3rd, Turetsky, (L); 4th, Donovan, (C).

220-yard run—won by David, (L); 2nd, Roberts, (C); 3rd, Ferguson, (L); 4th,

O'Connor, (M).

600-yard run—won by Hozid, (C); 2nd, Shute, (C); 3rd, Belnomi, (M); 4th, Rustin, (L).

##### *Juniors*

50-yard hurdles—won by Levin, (L); 2nd, Bennett, (C); 3rd, Morse, (C); 4th, Hakauson, (M).

50-yard dash—won by Resnick, (L); 2nd, McLaughlin, (C); 3rd, Shahood, (M); 4th, Williams, (M).

176-yard run—won by Jennings, (M); 2nd, Nagel, (M); 3rd, Connolly, (C); 4th, Kenneally, (M).

#### *Field Events*

##### *Seniors*

Shot Put—won by McGrath, (L); 2nd, Hakauson, (M); 3rd, Bogas, (M); 4th, Biederman, (C). Distance—37 ft. 3½ inches.

High Jump—won by McCarthy, (M); 2nd, Foster, (C); 3rd, Hoffman, (L); 4th, Gore, (L). Height—5 ft. 8 inches.

Broad Jump—won by Irish, (M); 2nd, Mazza, (C); 3rd, Fisher, (L); 4th, Laveler, (L). Distance—9 ft. 4½ inches.

##### *Intermediates*

Shot Put—won by Strout, (M); 2nd, Sieve, (L); 3rd, O'Connor, (M); 4th, Johnson, (L). Distance—42 ft. 4 inches.

High Jump—tie between Pearson, (M); and Seaboyer, (M); 3rd, Falk, (L); 4th, Watson, (C). Height—5 ft. 0 inches.

Broad Jump—won by Reed, (M); 2nd, Olans, (L); 3rd, Barnum, (C); 4th, Shaff, (C).

##### *Juniors*

Shot Put—won by Sabbey, (M); 2nd, Levin, (L); 3rd, Connolly, (C); 4th, Plunney, (M). Distance—36 ft. 2½ inches.

High Jump—won by Resnick, (L); 2nd, Supple, (C); 3rd, McAvoy, (L); 4th, Kanaly, (C). Height—4 ft. 3 inches.

Broad Jump—won by Alessi, (M); 2nd, McLaughlin, (C); 3rd, Cohen, (M); 4th, Nauyok, (M). Distance—7 ft. 7½ inches.

## SUBMERGING MALDEN

The Latin mermen opened their season with a 29—28 victory over Malden. The Latin team outswam their opponents by far more than the score indicates, winning all the swimming events except the 100-yard free-style. However, the inability of the divers to come through on a strange board nearly lost the meet.

McGreenery of Latin was the outstanding performer, finishing first in the 40-yard free-style and the backstroke, and swimming anchor man on the relay. Lawlor of Latin won the 40-yard breast-stroke in the fast time of 28 seconds. The relay was the best event of the meet, and due to the fine swimming of Grossman, Dowd, Dixon, and McGreenery, Latin came out on top.

The summary:

40-yard freestyle—won by McGreenery, (L); 2nd, Stolazzi, (M); 3rd, Johnson, (M). Time—21 3/5 s.

40-yard backstroke—won by McGreenery, (L); 2nd, Mullan, (M); 3rd, Levenson, (L). Time—27 s.

40-yard breaststroke—won by Lawlor, (L); 2nd, Clark, (M); 3rd, Gaibis, (M). Time—28 s.

100-yard freestyle—won by Stolazzi, (M); 2nd, Dowd, (L); 3rd, Grossman, (L). Time—1 m. 10 s.

Dive—won by Pierce, (M); 2nd, Dever, (M); 3rd, Shapiro, (L).

Relay—won by Latin (Grossman, Dowd, Dixon, McGreenery). Time—1 m. 34 s.

## DROPS FROM THE SHOWERS

Frank Leary showed considerable promise in the "300" against Trade and Dorchester. His burst of speed at the finish made his win look impressive. And this fellow is only in Class III.

\* \* \* \* \*

Berje David is again burning up the

boards in the "220" as he did two years ago in the "176". Every race finds him fifteen or twenty yards in the van when he breaks the worsted.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Syd" Resnick in the junior dash is almost like David; he wins his races by such a wide margin. In one of the meets, one fellow up in the stands was heard to remark, "Look, will you? He's lapping them!" He is also getting a first or second in the high jump. A very useful member of the track team.

\* \* \* \* \*

The absence of Andelman and Gore from the intermediate and senior "600" respectively, was felt by the track team, especially in the triangular meet with Trade and Dorchester. Had both been competing we undoubtedly would have won. However, they will run against English and in the "Reggies".

\* \* \* \* \*

"Hutch" McGrath has taken three first places in the senior shot-put.

\* \* \* \* \*

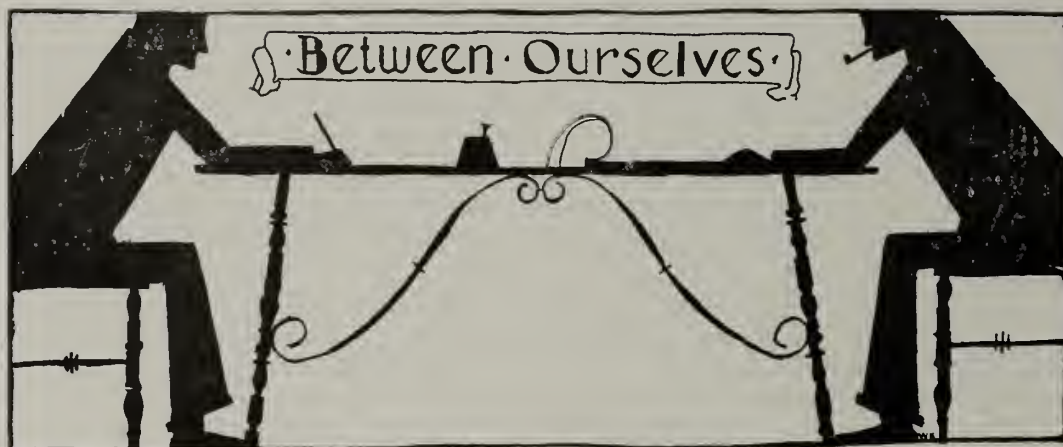
Captain "Jim" Carr is making himself very useful on the hockey team. He can play forward almost as well as defense.

\* \* \* \* \*

Yes. You're right. Baseball will be with us soon.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Notice to Class II: Perhaps you fellows in Class II don't know it, but there is a position on the Register Staff awaiting some one of you next year. Thus far no one has been sufficiently interested to inquire, but there is still time for some one to earn this position. The fellow who writes fairly well and knows athletics and sports is the logical candidate and he should make it his duty to see the Editor-in-chief or the Sports Editor immediately after reading this.*



"Why are you so pensive?" he asked.

"I'm not pensive," she replied.

"But you haven't said a word for five minutes."

"Well, I hadn't any thing to say."

"Don't you say anything when you haven't any thing to say?"

"No."

"Will you be my wife?"

\* \* \* \*

"I'm writing a song."

"What's the subject matter?"

"It doesn't."

\* \* \* \*

Marriage is not a lottery, it's a pottery—where human clay is made into family jars.

\* \* \* \*

A tourist was prowling round an old Scottish churchyard. His eyes caught the inscription: "Lord, She Was Thin."

"I say, Sexton, what a strange inscription?"

"That's a' right, sir, the sculptor went over near the edge of the stone. He dinna' leave room for the letter 'e'."

\* \* \* \*

Barber (shaving a customer)—Will you have anything on your face when I've finished, sir?

Victim—Well, it doesn't seem likely.

First Hunter—And how can you detect an elephant?

Second—You smell a faint odor of peanuts on his breath.

\* \* \* \*

Mrs. Brown gave a kettle to the local tinner to mend. Here is the conversation; try to read it aloud:

"Are you copper bottoming 'em?"

"No, I'm aluminuming 'em, mum."

\* \* \* \*

"So your daughter speaks Esperanto."

"Yes, fluently, and without accent, just like a native."

\* \* \* \*

Thousands of oysters, comes the report, are dying of cold. And the remainder are confined to their beds.

\* \* \* \*

"Well, Joe, old kid, I landed a job in a drug store."

"Why, I didn't know you could cook."

\* \* \* \*

Lady—My husband is a deceitful wretch. Last night he pretended to believe me when he knew I was lying to him.

—Literary Digest.

\* \* \* \*

"The bearded lady of Ringling Bros. circus recently died on Staten Island, leaving a wife and five children."

—N. Y. Medley.



Boy (reading epitaph)—“Here lies a lawyer and an honest man. What does that mean, dad?”

Father—“What? Two men in one grave?”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Did you have a nice walk, Phyllis?”

“Oh, yes, mummy. And we saw the nicest man!”

“Really, dear? How was that?”

“He was sitting on the sidewalk talking to a banana skin.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“What’s your objection to her singing?”

“She doesn’t practice what she screeches.”

\* \* \* \* \*

A Londoner took a visiting American to see “Hamlet”. When it was over and they were moving out, the host asked, “Well, did you like it?”

“Oh, yeh. It’s pretty good. But you’re sure behind the times here. I saw that in

New York four years ago.”

It is reported of Will Rogers that while tending a corn crop in Texas a neighbor said, “Will, your corn looks yellow.”

“Yes,” said Will, “I planted the yellow kind.”

This made the neighbor angry, and he said, “You are not far from a fool, are you?”

“No,” said Will, “Jest the fence between us.”

\* \* \* \* \*

“Waiter, please close that window.”

“Is there a draft, sir?”

“No, but it’s the fourth time my steak has blown off the plate.”

\* \* \* \* \*

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